

Finding His  
Own Lamb  
J. M. Zimmerman



# Cornell University Library

THE GIFT OF

J. G. Schurman

A. 160177

9/8/902

Cornell University Library  
PS 3549.I32F4 1902

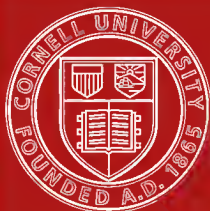
Finding his own lamb



3 1924 021 733 807

oim





Cornell University  
Library

The original of this book is in  
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in  
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924021733807>









FINDING HIS OWN LAMB



....Other Books by the Same Author....

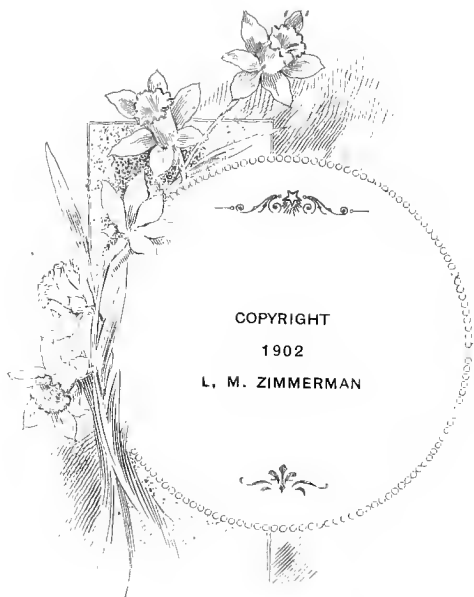
HOW TO BE HAPPY WHEN MARRIED ∴ PATHS  
THAT CROSS ∴ THE FAMILY ∴ SUNSHINE ∴ THE  
LITTLE GRAVE ∴ OIL OF KINDNESS ∴ THE  
WEDDING TOKEN ∴ PEARLS OF COMFORT FROM  
TENNYSON'S 'IN MEMORIAM' ∴ BOOK OF  
VERSES ∴ DAILY BREAD FOR DAILY HUN-  
GER ∴ EXPOSITORY THOUGHTS ON PILGRIM'S  
PROGRESS ∴ YVONNE ∴ ETC. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴



# FINDING HIS OWN LAMB

A decorative rectangular border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns. At the top center is a tulip-like flower. At the bottom center is a fleur-de-lis. The sides are filled with symmetrical, swirling acanthus leaves and scrolls.

L. M. Zimmerman, D.D.



FIRST EDITION

WILLIAMS & WILKINS  
COMPANY  
ART PRESS  
BALTIMORE  
:  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
NOLLEY



If any word or deed of mine,  
Great or small,  
Can cheer the sad on whom they shine,  
Like heaven's call,  
Then help me, Lord, those gifts to share,  
And scatter them like sunbeams fair






Far off in country lonely,  
strong ties of love each day  
Were knit between love's dear ones  
in every word and way—  
There, in an humble cottage,  
all seemed so fair and bright,  
That oft it did remind them  
of days without a night.





COPYRIGHT  
BY L. M. Z.

N fields of verdant pastures  
and by the shady tree,  
Sweet words and deeds of kindness  
were like the river free;  
And with the rippling waters,  
as they did onward flow,  
A childish song was mingled,  
so sweet, and soft, and low

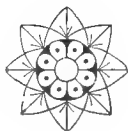




COPYRIGHT  
BY L. M. Z.



THE father was a shepherd,  
and well his daughter knew  
His voice as he the sheep called  
and to them food did strew;  
And when a lamb would wander  
in realms of death and pain  
The shepherd, by a known cry,  
would bring it back again.





COPYRIGHT  
BY L. M. Z.



At last the daughter questioned  
the sweetness of her lot,  
For as she thought of city  
the farm joys she forgot.  
Though future steps should pierce her  
with unknown fiery smart,  
Yet she would go thus forward  
with brave and hopeful heart.





COPYRIGHT  
BY L. M. Z.



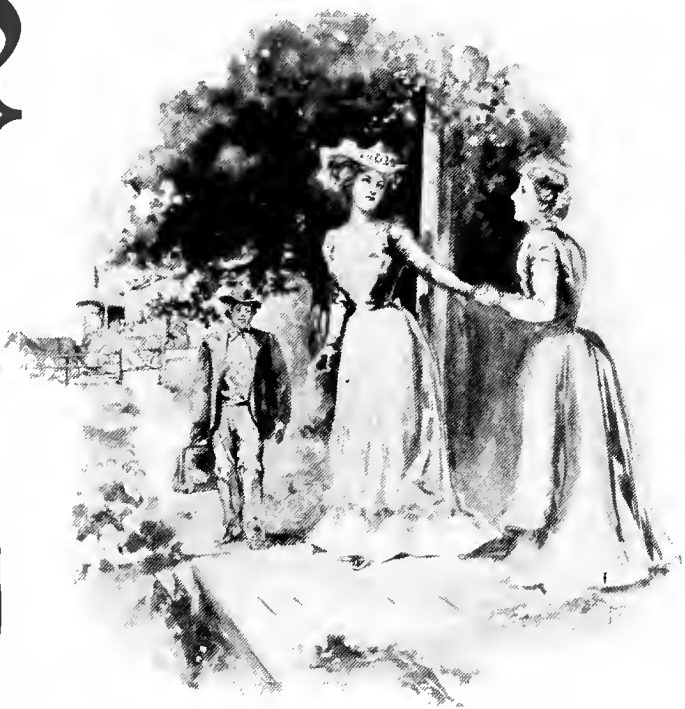
AND clasped in hand her parents  
bade her a sad good-bye.

The face of love, oh how sweet,  
as eye still met each eye,

For in each heaving bosom  
was purity and grace

That met with God's approval  
as they stood face to face.





COPYRIGHT  
BY L. M.



FAIR and country maiden

in city all alone

Found not a few allurements

to which mankind is prone.

There things were very charming

and friends almost divine,

Who praised her for her beauty

and tempted her with wine.





COPYRIGHT  
BY L. M. Z.



HUS flattered by the wicked  
she like a snowflake fell,  
And found that worldly pleasures  
had proved to her a hell.  
She thought of home and loved ones  
and of her early years,  
And in that deep reflection  
her eyes were filled with tears.





COPYRIGHT  
BY L. M. Z.



SOME one who knew her home life  
and now saw her in sin,  
By chance had met her father  
and told where she had been.  
He left the flock on hillside  
in search of his own lamb,  
And to the city hastened  
singing the shepherd's psalm.





COPYRIGHT  
BY L. M. Z



EMBARRASSED in the city

he tarried there till night,

Hoping to find his own lamb

now lost out of his sight.

The streets seemed cold and cheerless

as he put forth his cry,

Then listened for an answer

from her who might be nigh.





COPYRIGHT  
BY L. M. Z.



N officer bade him stop  
for disturbing the peace,  
But as the father told all  
him he did then release.  
"She'll come to me," he added,  
"if she should hear that cry,"  
And onward he went calling  
as he looked far and nigh.





COPYRIGHT  
BY L. M. Z.



HE loving shepherd's own lamb  
was found at last that night,  
For on her ears the call fell  
as if from heaven's height.

She rushed into a lone street  
and to her father's arm,  
And, with tears of confession,  
begged for home on the farm.







ONCE more the saddened circle  
of home is bright with love,  
The past is all forgotten  
in pardon from above;  
For in the heav'nly city  
stands open wide the gate—  
It is God's gate of mercy,  
'tis as yet not too late.





COPYRIGHT  
BY L. M. Z.

